

Morning—Evening—Sunday.
JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

ONLY ASSOCIATED PRESS MORNING FRANCHISE PAPER IN NORTHERN INDIANA AND ONLY PAPER EMPLOYING THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE IN SOUTH BEND. No other newspaper in the state protected by two leased wire—night and day—news services; also only eight-column paper in state outside Indianapolis. Published every day of the year and twice on all days except Sunday and holidays. Entered at the South Bend postoffice as second class mail.

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY
Office: 210 W. Colfax Av.
Home Phone 1181. Bell Phone 2106.

Call at the office or telephone above numbers and ask for department wanted—Editorial, Advertising, Circulation, or Accounting. For "want ads." if your name is in the telephone directory, bill will be mailed after insertion. Report attention to business, bad execution, poor delivery of papers, had telephone service, etc., to head of department with which you are dealing. The News-Times has thirteen truck lines all of which respond to Home Phone 1181 and Bell 2106.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Morning and Evening Editions, Single Copy 2c; Sunday, 5c; Morning or Evening Edition, daily, including Sunday, by mail, \$3.00 per year in advance. Delivered by carrier in South Bend and Mishawaka, \$5.00 per year in advance, or 12c by the week.

ADVERTISING RATES: Ask the advertising department. Foreign Advertising Representatives: CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN, 225 Fifth Av., New York City and Adv. Bldg., Chicago. The News-Times endeavors to keep its advertising columns free from fraudulent misrepresentation. Any person defamed through patronage of any advertisement in this paper will confer a favor on the management by reporting the facts completely.

MAY 22, 1916.

THE UNIVERSAL EXPERT.

There is hardly a field of action in which the man who understands thoroughly the theory of his work, knows perfectly how to apply the theory, and has the executive power to handle other men doing the same thing, does not earn a yearly stipend running high into the thousands.

But there is one job different from the rest. The person who is successful in performing it must be:

A fabric expert, not to be deceived about the values of textiles and their wearing qualities. All classes of textiles are included which enter into clothing, food-serving or house furnishing, and this embraces an extremely wide range of linens, silks, wools, cottons and grass fibres and combinations of all these.

A wood expert, knowing all about the qualities of woods and their adaptation to various uses, and how to care for the various finishes.

A metal expert, knowing exactly what to use, and how, for the cleaning and care of gold, silver, copper, brass, iron, tin and aluminum. This person must also know china from porcelain, and how to handle each.

A mechanical expert, knowing how to care for and repair small defects in plumbing, player-pianos, vacuum cleaners, carpet-sweepers and the like. Often the care of lawn-mowers is required.

An expert sewer. Dressmaking is not necessarily required, but some sewing ability is absolutely essential in order to keep the various fabrics in repair.

A food value expert. The incumbent of this job must know about fires and cooking processes and the balancing of rations, in order to obtain the best possible nourishment for a group of people at the best possible price.

A health expert. The job-holder must understand the essentials of sanitary surroundings and hygienic living, and must see to it that these are observed.

An educational and psychological expert. Knowledge and ability to cope with growing minds in such a way that they will grow in the right directions are fundamental.

Unlimited patience and self-control. A fine balance between giving service and making others selfish.

It's rather a large order, isn't it? And probably there are only one or two people in the country capable of knowing and doing all these things all the time? And these one or two get simply fabulous salaries, of course. Up in the hundred thousands?

Well, no.

This is merely the description of part of the work done by the ordinary competent housewife.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Incident to previous remarks that we have made on the subject, the mass meeting tonight to consider plans for a preparedness parade might better give its attention to the maintenance of Co. E, I. N. G., essential to Indiana maintaining its national guard quota, the national guard having killed the federal volunteer army plan. The guardsmen believe that they can perform better service, and it is now up to them to prove it to the country.

The country is willing to be convinced. In many respects an aggregation of volunteer armies provided by the various states must be regarded as ideally American. But two things remain to be done before such troops can serve the purpose for which they are now intended. It must be made certain that they can be lawfully utilized for federal service in emergencies, without loss of time or conflict of authority; and men must volunteer in adequate numbers and apply themselves conscientiously to the prescribed training. For the first requirement congress assumes responsibility. For the second the national guard itself will be held responsible.

The army bill agreed on in conference provides for 457,000 guardsmen, apportioned among the states in the ratio of 800 to each member of congress. The present theoretical ratio is 500 to one congressman. In very few states is the membership anywhere near that figure. And in few states have the possibilities of the existing system been realized. South Bend must do its share for the 13th district.

Will the national guard assume the responsibility of making good now? Will it recruit itself up to the requirement? Will it persuade the citizens and the legislators of the various states to do their part in making this vital part of our new preparedness system workable? The people will have to back it up if it does.

COUNTRY CREDIT ASSURED.

There has been some opposition to rural credit legislation in large cities, which have no practical concern with the problem. There has been far less in the smaller cities where the matter is better understood, and none at all in strictly rural communities where the lack of reasonable borrowing facilities is a constant menace to the prosperity of the population.

Congress has probably represented the sentiment of the country pretty accurately in the impressive majorities it has given the pending rural credit bills. The Glass bill passed the house by a vote of 295 to 10. A measure similar in nature but less liberal in its provisions has passed the senate. There ought to be little difficulty in adjusting the differences in conference, and

most of the differences might well be adjusted in favor of the house measure.

The senate bill would limit loans on land to 50 per cent of its value, taking no account of improvements; the house bill would allow 60 per cent loans on the land and 20 per cent on the value of permanent improvements. The senate bill requires unanimous consent of a loan committee in appraising a farm; the house bill requires only a majority report. The senate makes the minimum loan \$200; the house bill reduces it to \$100. The senate requires advance payments on the principal in units of \$100; the house makes the unit \$25.

In all these respects the house measure provides for a more democratic and effective distribution of credit, and is therefore preferable, as long as the basic principles of safe lending are maintained. The enactment of such a measure will extend better credit facilities to a population extending over two-thirds of the country's area where the prevalent interest rates average 10 per cent or more. It will enable the American farmer to finance his food-producing business on terms a little nearer those which his European and Egyptian competitors enjoy.

THE MASS AGGIES.

Now what on earth is a mass aggie? No, it is not a "mass agate." No, it is not a slang term for ladies who have just been to church (not even if they went for the express purpose of showing off their clothes). The headline is "Mass Aggies play Vermont." You'll have to guess again.

It's the baseball team of the Massachusetts School of Agriculture which lays proud claim to the mysterious title. And the presence of "Aggies" on the sporting pages of the papers is a symptom of the times.

Once going to college meant to spend four years absorbing little Latin and less Greek, a few scraps of theoretic mathematics and possibly a bit of attenuated philosophy. Boys were trained in what were called the "humanities," but which was a matter of fact were of very little interest to humanity.

Now on the athletic field we find not only the members of academic colleges—and these study such "human" subjects as economics, applied chemistry, history - of - civilization - in-relation-to-present-day-problems, subjects which touch upon human life at vital points—but we find the Aggies and the Techs in great numbers. The Aggies are learning how to feed the world; the Techs will house it and clothe it and pave its streets and build its bridges, will bring water to the waste places of the earth that the Aggies may farm thereon.

And somehow, in spite of the Aggies and Techs, the world grows more cultured, more interested daily in the things of "sweetness and light." Or is it, perhaps, because we have learned that culture is not incompatible with farming or industry, and because we are trying to rear a race who will enjoy the beauty of life none the less because they have helped produce it?

CHARLEY'S BOOSTING ORGAN.

George Lockwood of Muncie, ex-secretary of Hon. C. W. Fairbanks, and editor of the Muncie Daily Times, must feel somewhat disappointed over the reception given his national republican weekly, which was started some three years ago in the interests of the g. o. p. The combination of Ex's, with Newt, Myers, the "x x x" campaigner, had for their objective the establishment of a national republican sheet that should exert a wide influence and be the one medium for executive and other reports from all centers of republican thought and action.

As a newspaper, summarizing, codifying and boiling down the election statistics from time to time, the Lockwood-Fairbanks-Myers organ was a success, until it became apparent that it was published more in the interests of Charlie than in the interests of republicans at large.

The alliterations "Pop" and "drop" come in this connection, made glorious by the recent publication of that remarkable campaign letter by Newt, Myers of Jeffersonville.

And it may be asked in conclusion: Does a Pop-drop policy pay?

See the Fairbanks system of rewarding his supporters when he won the state office years ago, and then ask yourself why he failed to establish a representative national republican organ.

WHERE BRITAIN FAILED.

Should the Russian army of Grand Duke Nicholas succeed in taking Bagdad, as it now appears will inevitably be accomplished, it will be another bitter blow to British pride and military prestige.

Months ago the magnificent army of Gen. Townshend, 50,000 strong, set out in high spirits to capture Bagdad, capital of the Turkish vilayet of Bagdad on the Tigris, and to then advance north, forming a junction with the Russians at the foot of the Caucasians.

The result of the expedition was the unconditional surrender of Gen. Townshend's entire army and the abandonment of the British campaign in Mesopotamia, writing into history the most inglorious chapter of the whole war, for England.

On the other hand, the Russians have crossed, in the face of tremendous obstacles, the Caucasian mountains and driving the Turks before them, swept down toward Bagdad, bidding fair to accomplish, under far more difficult conditions, what the British failed to do.

Truly, this war is re-shuffling the cards most thoroughly, with proud Albion drawing pathetically few trumps.

AFTER GEORGIA'S PLACE.

Texas, long notorious as the banner mob-law state, but for the past few years trailing considerably behind the procession, is out to regain its lost laurels.

A Negro murderer, convicted by the courts and sentenced to hang by the neck until dead, was taken from the officers by a mob and burned alive in the municipal square at Waco. Waco, by the way, boasts of its culture and erudition and is known as a "college town."

Once upon a time a lot of perfectly conscientious folks sympathized with the people of the south in their particular race problem; even secretly believed that speedy and unofficial execution was but a fit punishment for the unmentionable crime. But that crime has been almost eradicated in the south and elsewhere and the last possible pretext for lynch-law that might ever have existed, with it. The Waco affair is without excuse or justification, of course.

The very least the state authorities should do would be to make an example of the ring-leaders. But they won't, being it is election year. Wherefore Georgia may well tremble lest Texas wrest from it its hard-won crown of dishonor.

THE MELTING POT

Filled Today by Stuart H. Carroll

COMIN' THRU' WITH RYE.
Gin a body meet a body
With a pint of rye,
Gin a body mix a toddy
If a body's dry,
Every liddle has his glass-ic.
Name, they say, need it
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When I've a pint of rye!

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town;
Gin a body's breath smell naughty,
Need a body frown.
Every liddle has his nicht-cap,
Name, they say, need it
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
An' kill my pint of rye!

NOR ENGLISH WALNUTS.
We note there was no Irish
stew for sale at the recent Turner
hall bazaar.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.
"What'll you have?"

AND THE ETERNAL ANSWER.
"The same."

IZZY AND CUSKY.
His mouth would always stand ajar,
His nose was like a knob. Therefore

When he was baptised 'neath the bar
They called him Isadore.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

He soon grew up and learned to
sweat.

Just as his granddad did before,
They now salute him (when they
dare),
As "Little Cuspidor."

THE HEIGHT OF CONFIDENCE.
Leaving your umbrella in the corner
at the public library.

ADD LIFE'S MYSTERIES.
They paid two or three perfectly
good simoleons for the privilege of
occupying seats in the "parquet" at
the symphony concert and, con-
versing as follows to THE ACCOM-
PANIMENT OF THE SYMPHONY:

"What the deuce is that fellow
blowing?" (indicating obese player,
only the mouthpiece of whose in-
strument is visible behind the front
rows of players.)
"I don't know. It looks like a
pipe from here."

"Whew! This is the longest piece
I ever seen."

"Smatter, don't you like this?"

The reply is a grimace, and then,
in response to the taunt that fol-
lows, is hurled:

"Well, YOU went to sleep on it."

"Good music always puts me to
sleep."

Just then the soloist breaks into
the first strains of an aria in Italian.

"What d'he say? I couldn't
understand him."

I. D.

STATESMEN GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT

By Fred Kelly.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—(Evi-

ously there must be some reason
why a man should become the attor-

ney general of his state and the
youngest attorney general in the

country at the age of 23—is this to
be followed up by getting himself

elected to congress, when only 32.
Lurking somewhere there must be,

I say, a reason, or reasons.

For the purpose of this little in-

quiry, we shall deal only with those
causes which are plainly visible to

the naked eye.

Before proceeding further it may
be only fair to state that the subject

of our discussion is Representative
Royal C. Johnson, of South Dakota.

Just in a nutshell, the primary re-

asons for the rise of young Royal
Johnson in public life, appear to be

a pair of spectacles and a pair of
twins.

The spectacles were his own and
the twins were not. In fact the

twins did not belong to anybody.
They were not twins at all, only

imaginary twins, but they were re-

sponsible in a large measure for their
supposed parent being a member of

congress and being the subject of
this piece that we are now engaged

in writing.

Johnson was a baseball player. He
played primarily in college, but in

summer sold his service for mere
gold to semi-professional teams in

his native state. His specialty was
catching behind the bat. Belong

ing to a wee trifle near-sighted he found it
advantageous to wear a pair of nose

glasses. Now, at first thought it may
seem like a hazardous undertaking

for a man wearing nose glasses to
stand up and permit a pitcher to

hurl balls rapidly in the general di-

rection of his face. The people of
South Dakota took that view of it,

and marveled. Yet the facts were
that Johnson, with his glasses on,

was in no more danger behind the
bat than if he had confined his play-

ing to such games as hide and seek,
dominoes or drop the handkerchief.

Because a catcher wears a heavy
wire cage over his features and even

the humblest onlooker at a ball game
stands more chance of having his

face ruined by a ball than the man
behind the bat. Still, it was the first

time the people of South Dakota had
seen a catcher wearing glasses, and

they talked about it. Soon Johnson's
name was a household word through-

out the state, as the "catcher with
the specs."

Then he set out to run for attor-

ney general. His ball playing did
not necessarily qualify him for the

job he was seeking but it had served
to get his name up. Everybody

knew who he was. Many took the
view that a man who would catch

behind the bat with nose glasses on,
could be a courageous, upstanding

young attorney general.

However, that alone would not
have elected Johnson. The thing that

really made certain his election was
the pair of twins. He was out tour-

ing the state making speeches. What
actually happened back home was

the birth of a young son. Some mer-

cury friend wired Johnson that the son
was twins. This report was taken

seriously and went all over the state.
Everybody felt so sorry for Johnson

and yet so proud of him, that all ar-

guments put up by the opposing can-

didate availed nothing at all. People
felt that a young man who was sud-

denly called upon in the midst of a
campaign to provide for so many

recoverers in his family, was entitled
to their most serious consideration.

Then the word got out that the
twins were not twins at all. But it

was too late to do any harm. The
voters' minds were made up. They

had determined to elect Johnson, and
they did so, regardless of his only 29

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

POVERTY AS AN ASSET.

(Logansport Pharos-Reporter.)

It may sound like preaching to
call attention to a statement of the

Book that "life does not consist in
the abundance of the things a man

possesses." Things are not true be-
cause they happen to be in the Bible,

but they are true because they are
true and would be true anyway even

if they were not there. It is simply
a statement of what has been proven

to be a fact by the millions upon
millions of tests that have been

made since humanity began its life
upon the earth and the fact that

the result of the test was always
the same has shown that it is one

of the fundamental laws of the Cre-

ator.

There are many things more trou-

blesome than poverty. There is a
freedom and exhilaration about po-

verty that is immense. Did you ever
try it? All the world without be-

longings to the man who is poor and it
doesn't cost him a cent. Broad parks

stretch out to the horizon with their
fragrant shadows, their carpets of

green, their bird songs and the glint
of shimmering garments of fairy

children that sparkle among the
trees and gambol about the emerald

lawn, and air that is pure and
housless as the skies is there to fill

his lungs and quicken his blood, and
—it hasn't cost him a cent. The

folks who have been burdened with
a bunch of money must pay the bill